

Lancaster Intelligencer.

FRIDAY EVENING, AUGUST 13, 1880.

Dozen tadpoles wriggled out.
To view the prospect round about.
And see the older frogs, no doubt—
Ambitious little tadpoles.

They roamed among the rushes green
They saw the lilies o'er them lean;
Their hearts were gladdened by the scene—
Admiring little tadpoles.

A greater wonder was to come;
They heard an old frog say "jug-ur-um"
Such eloquence! It struck them dumb—
These silly little tadpoles.

"Oh! could we only speak like that,
And sit upon a stone so flat—
Their yearning hearts beat fit to pat—
They sighed that they were tadpoles."

"It's oh! to wear a coat so fine
And with these older frogs to shine!
I wish their happy lot were mine."
Said every little tadpole.

Then back again, with frowns and sighs,
And doubtless very watery eyes,
Each to his native mud bank hies—
A dozen humbled tadpoles.

They could not know the lot of frogs
Who sun themselves on their logs,
Fated to utter their "her-choo's."
These unsuspicious tadpoles.

They did not know that sticks and stones
Were hurled at frogs to break their bones
Of much less bad than the tones
Of such little tadpoles.

But let me end this tale of here,
As Time cut theirs. The dew drew near,
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And are they happy? Ah! they sigh
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In the dairy, fruit, vegetable and floral departments, the further sum of \$6,000 is added, besides a large number of elegant and valuable gold and bronze medals, whose intrinsic value will aggregate the entire sum of more than \$40,000 in actual cash.

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MEDICAL.

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Chicago Tribune.
Our last crop of wheat was supposed to be somewhere about 350,000 bushels (it is ridiculous to attempt to foot up within 1,000 bushels). We had 30,000,000 of the old crop left over a year ago, against 10,000,000 bushels now, the old wheat being much more closely drained from the farm now than then. That is, the people of the United States have within twelve months consumed and sold some 470,000,000 bushels, and have practically none left to compete with the wheat of the new crop. It is exceedingly doubtful if that new crop will foot up more than 350,000,000 bushels, and if it should the surplus will not be a terrible burden to the people obliged to hold it, if they should be obliged to hold it over into another crop year. We have not at present any good reason to expect that the demands of Europe upon the United States for bread, will be much, if any, greater than last year ago. There is not, therefore, any present ground for alarm in regard to a superabundance of wheat. There is plenty of it; enough to kill the ambitions of those who would like to see Europe forced to pay more than fifty shillings a